

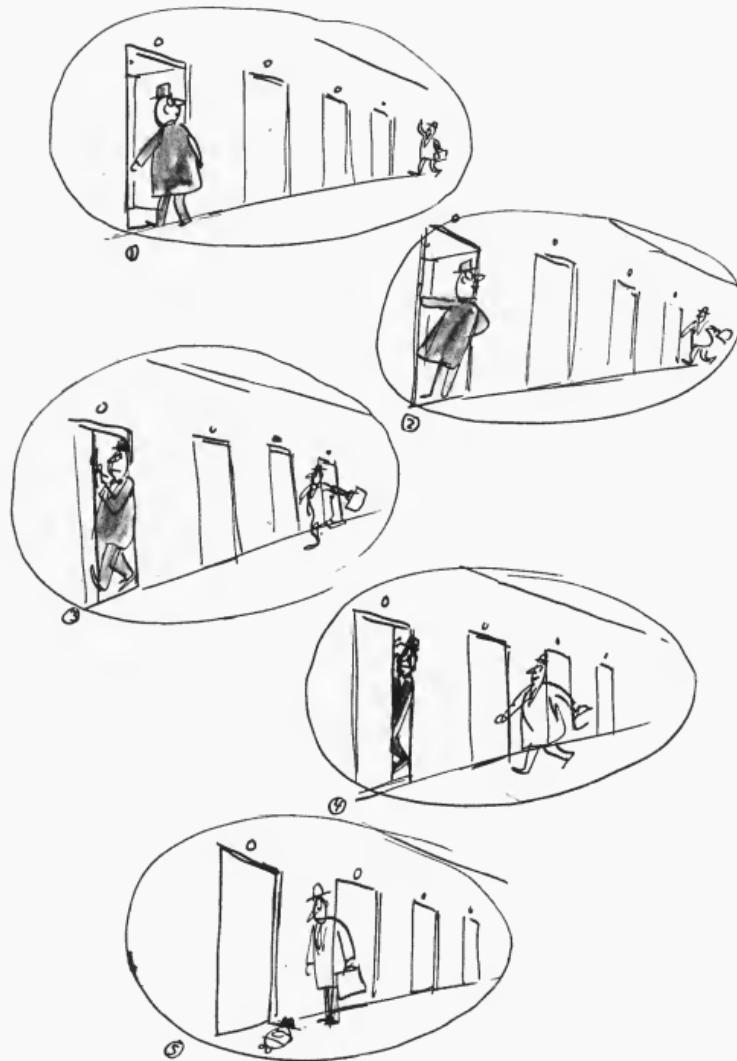
BIG COLOUR PIN-UP!

Mr

3/-
NO 1







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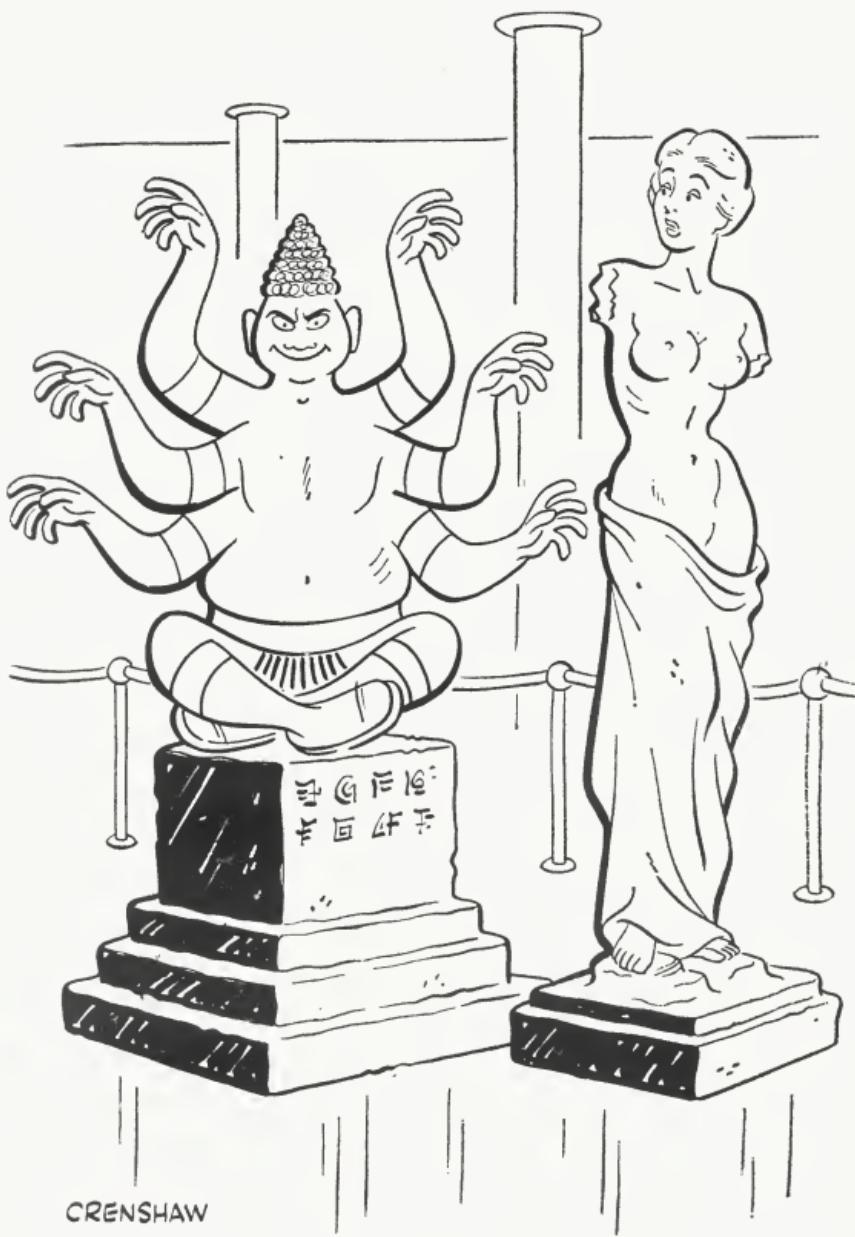


"Land's sake, Ella, look at this girl! She's got the largest pair of . . .



trained frogs I've ever seen!"





CRENSHAW

LAUGHS

Betty: "You must lead a very exciting life having a man like Mr. Rothman interested in you."

Anna: "It is interesting, because so far there are three other women in his life, and so far as I know I am leading."



"Art calendars are fine, but I've got a better system."

"What's that?"

"I buy my beautiful wife a pantie for every day of the week."



"I refused to marry that fellow when he asked me, and I thought I'd die laughing."

"You found him funny?"

"Heck no! He nearly killed me for laughing."



Many men are slaves to the idea that they are their own master.

A man needs to keep his eyes on his goal, and a woman will keep her eyes on his gold.



"Have you heard what's happened to poor Helen?"

"Only that she's married recently."

"Yes, but unfortunately to a man who has a business in the garment industry, and he's always trying to pull the wool over her eyes."



"You are a lucky girl. You have a rich and handsome boyfriend who gives you gifts with no strings attached."

"That's just it. I wish there were strings attached—specifically my apron strings."



Put up or shut up goes double as far as a girl is concerned with her sugar daddy.

Betty: "I had a good paying job at a place where they make awnings and blinds but I had to give it up."

Jo Ann: "Why?"

Betty: "Too much shady business."



Fran: "I had a wealthy boyfriend once, and every time he visited me he would say, 'your move, honey', but I never knew what to do. Now he's going with my girl friend and she's living in a penthouse."



She gives the impression of being free and easy, but it's a lot easier for men who don't think she's free.



"Did he actually ask you to marry him?"

"No, not in so many words. But they do say action speaks louder than words."



"Well, what did he do?"

"He brought me an electric blanket with dual control."



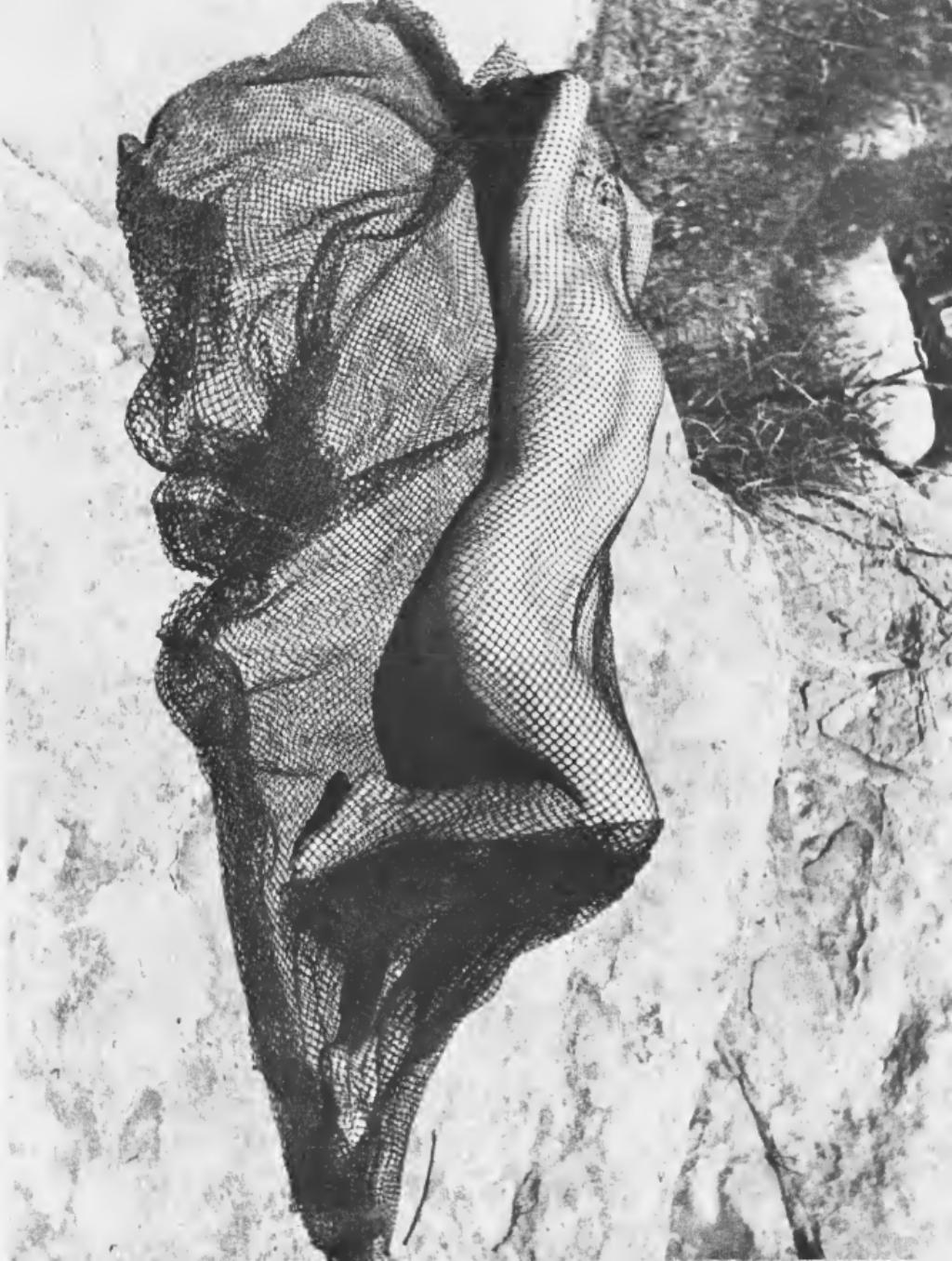
Nudists are people who like to live on just the bare necessities.





"an ironing board of oldden"





MAN AT A PARTY

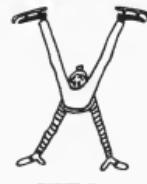
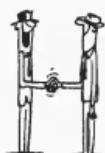
BY
LARRY





A COMIC ALPHABET

By Syverson





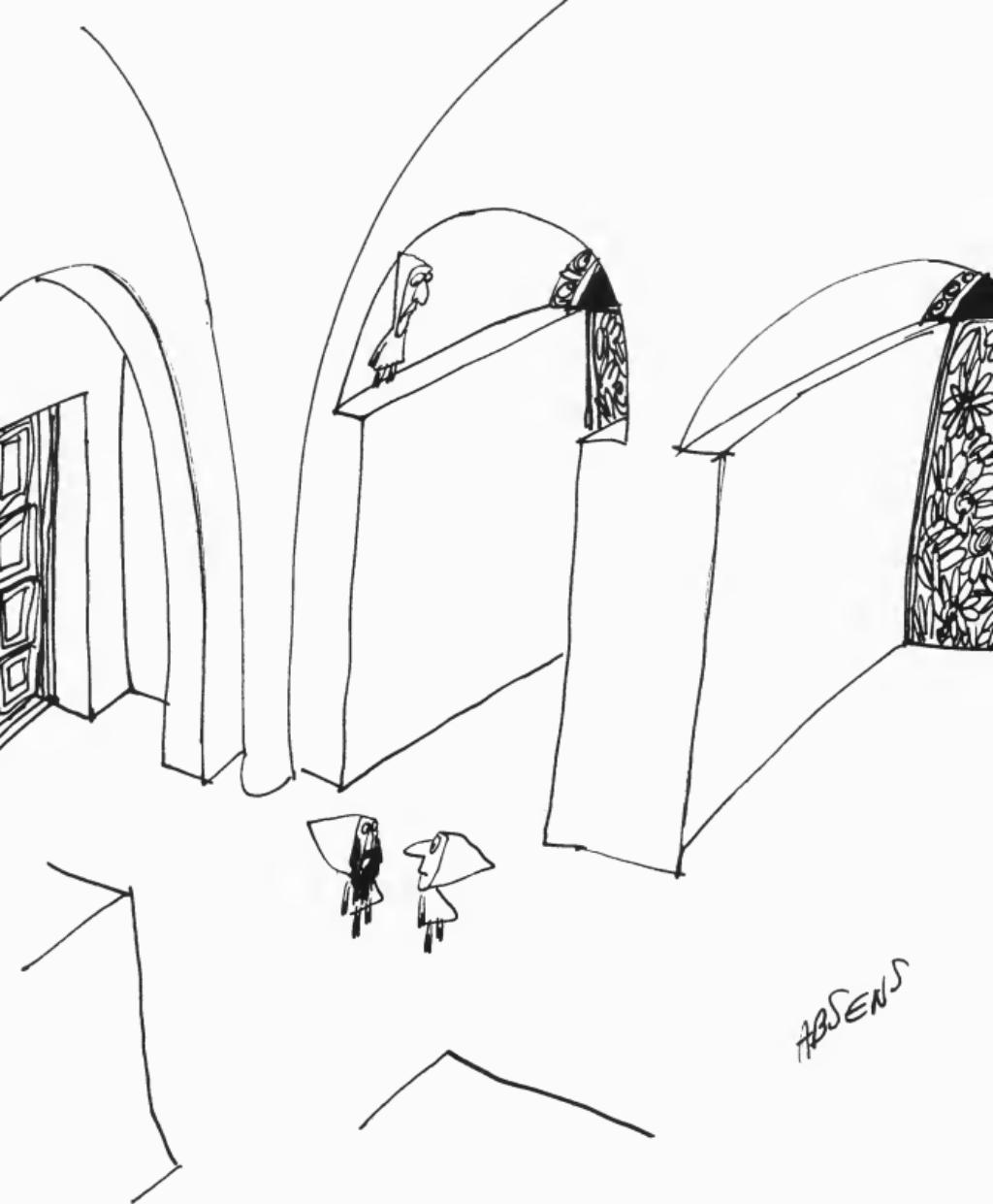












"Have you seen Brother Sebastian? It's his turn to weed the vegetable garden."



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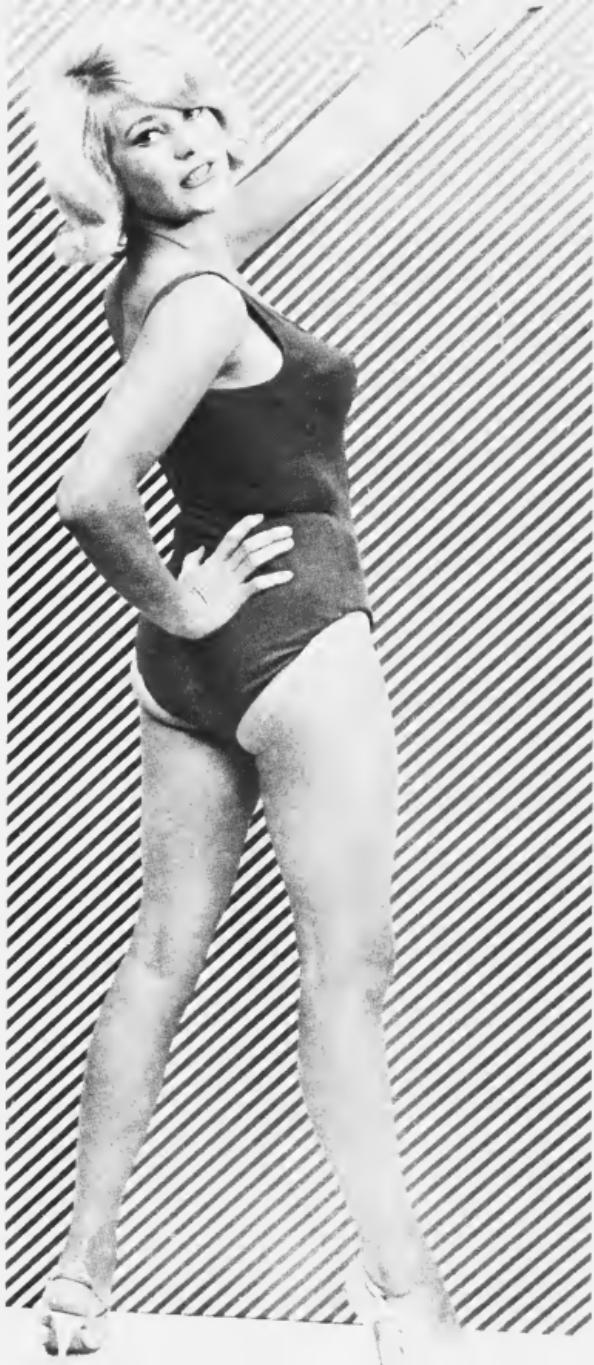
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FOLLOW ME, FEATHERHEAD?

By Michael Zuroy



"Now where were we? Oh, yes . . ."



Used to be a time when things were simple. Now, psychiatry is in the saddle. Everybody hears about it, reads about it and watches it in the movies and on TV. Everything is a psychological drama—pardon me, a searching psychological drama—and everybody you meet is an amateur psychologist.

Used to be, when a man asked another man a question like, "How come you bought yourself another hat?", the answer would be, "Because I wanted to, stupid," or "Ain't I allowed to own two hats?"

Now, especially in the psychological dramas, we're hearing something like this: "Another hat? Why did I buy *another* hat? What do you mean by that, Featherhead? Do you mean why did I *buy* another hat or why did I *buy* another *hat*? Ah, you're astute, Featherhead, astute. You see into my subconscious. I'll try to answer your probing, penetrating, analytical question. At the age of three, one of my new red shoes slipped off my foot and fell down a sewer while I was out with my Aunt Phlebitis, a woman who had divorced my previous uncle and was now married to my second uncle, a burly, loud-spoken man.

"For some years after losing that shoe, I had recurrent dreams involving the bow tie that my second uncle always wore, only I saw the bow tie on my *first* uncle, and I'm sure you know what that means, Featherhead. During these years, I not only had these dreams, but my mother had formed the habit of tying my shoe laces extra tight so that I wouldn't lose any more shoes, and I still remember vividly the sensation of her fingers pulling on the laces and of her neat brown hair which I could see when her head was bent, and the point to remember here was that my hair was very much the same shade, but that my father's was *red*.

"I think I was about 10 when another trauma occurred which may have some significance. I discovered a scratch in the paint of my new bicycle. The scratch was trapezoidal in shape, roughly about two inches by four inches. The bike was a present from an old *army friend* of my cousin, Junius Icebag. It was some years later that I discovered that my Aunt Phlebitis' first husband used to play shortstop on a sandlot team, and it was for this reason, perhaps, that I could never listen to the lonesome whistle of a train without running screaming to the bathroom.

"Do you follow me, Featherhead? I'm sure you do. I think perhaps now you're beginning to understand why I bought *another* hat."



BE YOUR OWN GAGMAN

By Drucker

Match each cartoon to the right caption

A



B



C

D



E



F





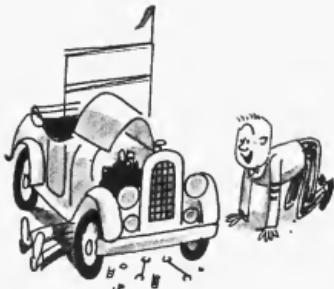
G



H



I



K



J



L

- "I seem to hear a different drummer."
- "I'm even scared of poached eggs."
- "I'll make the BIG decisions around here."
- "Let's suppose you die before your wife."
- "Don't tell me I don't know what time it is."
- "It's my first layer cake."
- "Let your pension be your goal."
- "You're more than just a father, you're a pal!"
- "You know who wears the pants around here?"
- "Guess we'll have to break it."
- "Another double martini and I'll fly home."
- "I wouldn't mind a dinner at the White House."

(Answers on next page)

Answers to

BE YOUR OWN GAGMAN

(From the preceding pages)

- E "I seem to hear a different drummer."
- I "I'm even scared of poached eggs."
- D "I'll make the **BIG** decisions around here."
- B "Let's suppose you die before your wife."
- A "Don't tell me I don't know what time it is."
- L "It's my first layer cake."
- H "Let your pension be your goal."
- K "You're more than just a father, you're a pal!"
- C "You know who wears the pants around here?"
- G "Guess we'll have to break it."
- J "Another double martini and I'll fly home."
- F "I wouldn't mind a dinner at the White House."



"Okay! You've all seen someone fired before!"



"Those tall things hold up the roof better than a wall. Let's get a name for them."





"What say we try and settle this out of court, baby?"





"Whaddya mean—'Keep an eye on the kid'?"

MR. WEFFER BUYS A PHONOGRAPH

By D. G. Lloyd

"Good afternoon, sir."

"Good afternoon. I'm looking for a new victrola for my son."

"Victrola? Certainly. Ha-ha. Funny, hearing you use that term. Haven't heard them called that in ages."

"Really? Seems like only yesterday they invented the gramophone."

"Yes, I suppose it does. Will you step this way, sir?"

"I'm not looking for anything very expensive."

"I understand. Small console, perhaps."

"Well, I don't know about a cons—"

"Here's a nice model, sir. Two remote speakers. Muted tweeter in the center. Integrally controlled preamp."

"Has it got one of those gadgets that go around—turntables, that's the word—and you put the record on and . . ."

"Say, I can see you're a newcomer to the hi-fi field."

"Yes, well, this is for my son. He and his friends like to get together at the house and—"

"Listen to good music?"

"Gosh, I don't know as I'd say that."

"How about something in stereo?"

"I saw one of those at a friend's house. That's the thing where you listen to ping-pong balls and locomotives and things like that?"

"Er, yes. You can."

"No, thanks. We've got a ping-pong table down

in the cellar. The kids never use it, though. All they want to do is listen to those awful—"

"Stereo is a new dimension in recorded sound, sir."

"I suppose so. Personally, I wasn't too keen on the gramophone at first. These kids, though, they—"

"Like a demonstration? We have an excellent test record. 'The Firing On Fort Sumter.' Rebel yells and everything."

"Actually, my son's never done too well with history."

"Really? Say, that's too bad."

"That's what I tell him. You know kids, though. Listen, do you think I could look at a little smaller machine?"

"Certainly, sir. A table model. If you'll follow me . . ."

"What about that one?"

"That? Oh, you wouldn't want that. That only plays 78 records."

"At once!"

"No, no. 78 r.p.m. records. The old kind."

"Gosh, sometimes I think the old ones were the best."

"You must understand, sir. The 78 record is obsolete. Fewer and fewer new songs are being recorded on 78's. They break too easily."

"Honestly?"

"Yes, indeed. The switch to 33 r.p.m. was a dramatic step forward in—"

"Never mind. Give me the one that plays 78's. I'll take it with me. I believe it's exactly what I had in mind."



